THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.—REVELATION 18: 4.

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A REJECTED ARTICLE.

READERS of the STAR, as well as numbers of others, are familiar with the reports of the Anti-Mormon riots which are now and then commented upon by the Press in general; it is not so well-known however how these disturbances originated; at times special organizations have created opposition, and where this has existed it needs but little to fan the flame to unwonted heat; this was the case lately where an exciting and sensational article of near two columns appeared in an influential paper at a particular juncture of time; as soon as this was published, its drift and possible effect were seen, and to avert this the following article was written to counteract if possible the influence thereof through the same channel, but the Editors declined to publish, yet when public clamor and destruction of property ensued—when the mischief was done the same Press did manfully declare for peace, order and protection, but this was after the Saints and Elders of that place had been put to a great deal of expense and inconvenience; the protest is inserted here and now as a matter of history and as a lesson showing that "a word in season" may possibly prove to be salvatory, as a word out of season is sometimes far reaching and destructive.

TO THE EDITOR:

The Bristol *Mercury* is doubtless a great and influential paper, and carries the confidence of its subscribers and readers, it need not therefore descend to any sensational method of ingratiating itself further into the goodwill of its patrons, particularly if by doing so, it does injustice to persons, places and communities which are too far distant for self-defense or reply.

In a late issue there is a reproduction of an article some thirty or more

years old, which savors somewhat of this form of injustice; the article alluded to was written according to its heading by the well-known author Justin Mc Carthy, and is entitled "Lochinvar at Salt Lake;" a sub-heading says, "Author of My Enemy's Daughter," from which a careful reader might infer that fiction was the author's forte, and that the reproduction in question was fiction also.

But second thought suggests that possibly some ulterior purpose lurked behind its presentation at this late date, seeing that so much fresh and newsy matter, equally graphic and equally imaginative (or real), can be found in every direction.

The surroundings of that far distant valley referred to are just as grand and magnificent as then; those eternal ramparts with their wild gorges are sublime as ever; the sky is just as blue, and the lake glitters in the morning and evening sun as the writer says it did some five and thirty years ago, but justice and common honesty will say, that during those fleeing years, toil and enterprise have developed on the original lines a city famed throughout the world for cleanliness, beauty, prosperity and peace; there is no rarer picture glorifies the earth, or salutes the wondering eye than does the valley of the great Salt Lake and City of to-day. All the appliances of modern genius and civilization are to be had within its borders, grand buildings, wide streets, electric cars, telephone communication, gas, natural and artificial, including electric light; sewerage, side walks and paved streets, railway connection with all the States, east and west; telegraphic intercourse with all the world, efficient daily, semi-weekly and weekly newspapers, as also several semi-weekly and monthly magazines,all of the metropolis, to say nothing of smaller newspapers in every prominent town of every county in the State.

The present writer was there in and before the fastidious Londoner (Mr. Leslie Sandon) arrived, he knows of the condition under which the city was founded; he looks back to the dark and stormy times when the same people and the same Church, under the leadership of Joseph Smith the Prophet and his associates, were subject to mobocracy and death in Missouri, from whence they fled before the face of their enemies; he knows of their sacrifices, sufferings and death before they found asylum on the shores of Illinois; he also knows their history there, how toil built up a famous city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, how they opened farms, established homes and erected a Temple that was the admiration and glory of all the West; he knows how, after the assasination of their Prophet and Patriarch, the inhabitants had to leave their all at the threatened bayonets' point in the dead of winter; he knows of the suffering of those homeless, unsheltered wanderers, of their travels in Iowa, of their resting places in the winter following, of their furnishing 500 men for service in the army of the United States; also of their till then unparalleled trip across the nearly unknown plains; knows also of their final arrival in the Salt Lake basin, of the laying out of that city; knows that there were no houses to rent; knows that there were no trees planted, no ditches made, no roads built; no stores from which to buy the necessaries to say nothing of the luxuries of life; he knows they were weary, footsore, hungry and naked;

that they were "a thousand miles from any where," that houses were built of mud with dirt roofs, then of logs hauled from the mountain slopes, after the roads had been made; that others used sun dried brick, that nails were nearly a dollar a pound, and 8+10 window lights were 50 cents apiece; that famine stared the fugitives in the face; that they looked at death; grasshoppers, crickets, drought, were their opponents; that to live was the one desideratum, and to secure it, raw hides, thistle and red-roots were as manna in the desert; he also knows that this man-stricken people triumphed through faith in God, faith in their leaders, and faith in themselves.

They did what was done without help as without sympathy, for the blessing followed; visitors few and far between admired the industry, pluck and patience of the people, for they had great hopes and grand conceptions, they had continuous toil and abiding peace; no nutshell thoughts were theirs; the laid out city covered over ten square miles; the streets, running to the points of the compass, were 8 rods wide, the centre, exclusive of side walks, was 100 feet; trees were planted on each side where the streams ran down for irrigation purposes, and they grew and flourished. Every little cottage home had its garden and fruit trees, and every one of the then 18 wards into which the city was divided, had its school and meeting house; the Temple was begun and the University projected in the early days; colonization became an established method of the newborn nation, it was only in its "swaddling clothes," but it was rich in promise and grand in performance, when only half the the true condition was realized abroad, and yet, because when our dilletanti friend made his visit of disappointment, "his spirits sank within him because there were no sewers, no gas, and because a progressive and earnest people were too much engaged, and "no women were to be seen on the streets," and the shops too were not equal to those on Regent Street, London, which he had left with a bitter heart in search of "a new sensation."

It was too bad that the inhabitants of this "little vulgar, tenth-rate town" had not been just in apple-pie order for his advent, or that he should have been lured through "his head having been filled with Hepworth Dixon;" too bad, that he should have been so cruelly disconcerted by "the utterly common place aspect, the dirt and dismalness of everything," it was indeed to him, "a camp of the joyless," for even "stray pigs nozzled among the heaps of vegetable refuse that lay on the footpaths." Then the Theatre came in for his animadversions; "it was a large, dreary, dingy, comfortless barn, where the few spectators tried to see the stage by the light of a few kerosene lamps;" "it was sadder even than the outside world and so he went forth into the dismal streets again," without a sound "except indeed the never ceasing wail of the ever crying babies." Poor, poor, man!

"Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres, or the Alhambra or Almacks should have preceded him to furnish pabulum for his distracted mind, and the hum of multitudes joined to the noise of busy streets should have overborne "the roar of the torrents, and the wind sweeping through the wild passes of the majestic moutains."

We were there when Hepworth Dixon and Sir Charles Dilke accepted our hospitality; we were there when Leslie "the wearied Londoner" claims to have been a guest at an hotel kept by the husband of four wives and a homesick, heartsick sister, ready for the attentions, sympathetic (?) as they were of a stranger guest. We have no doubt of the fabulous character of this so-called episode of singing, music and love; we have doubts of such a recital, and such a conclusion; it is too sensational even if pathetic, and that such conditions existed is or was as impossible as untrue; all the governmental appointees and officials were too eager to find out such an episode, they all per force of misrepresentation, from the Governor to the Judge, and from him to the sheriff, were watching lynx-like for cases of imposition or oppression; all their subordinates and minions would have seized upon a morsel so sweet as upon a veritable god-send, for it would have justified that wild and crazy military invasion which cost the nation untold millions, and fizzled in the ignominious withdrawal of "the flower of the army" as it was called.

The whole article is a jaundiced tissue of falsehood, the product of an hypocondriac, one *blase* and "weary of London, the Reform Club, the Opera, the Star and Garter," Richmond, and the ship Greenwich; he was disgruntled at his rejection in political circles, and seeing nothing in "New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington or Chicago, he started west in search of the new sensation" to San Francisco by the then half-finished overland railroad; Salt Lake City was "a side issue" yet nearly *enroute* to San Francisco and the Golden Gate. In Utah there was nothing to attract his attention save "the everlasting hills," and "the pure, fresh, exquisite voice," which afterward became "sweet, plaintive and passionate, as it seemed to soar to the heavens," from the lips of a fair blue eyed young girl, the very incarnation of "beauty, grace and sadness," and he but five and thirty years of age.

No wonder "he rushed off to the judge, who was appointed over that region by the United States government," to secure so fair a prize; no wonder that "the glory of the sunset, the beauty of the mountains, and the lustrous purity of the blue heavens became lost on him," even "the mean and shabby little country town *built upon a swamp*," was all forgotten, the "agglomerations" and "incongruous buildings" of the polygamous mormons were overlooked, and "the gilded beehive" on the house of Brigham Young in the capital of the prophet, once so great an attraction, became dull when compared with the sad "blue eyes" of his endangered girl.

The twain, guarded for many miles by "officers of the army of the United States," at early dawn escaped in a private carriage to the distant railway, the "new sensation" being "the saving of a noble life from wreck," the reward being "a beautiful and loving wife!"

Leslie Sandon was all oblivious to the untold sufferings inflicted upon the majority of the people there, by persons narrow as himself; the drivings, mobbings, plunderings, persecutions and death, and the living of those hopeful colonists were equally "as a book that is sealed" to him. The poverty and sadness he thought he saw, evoked no sympathy and but

meagre comment; these never stirred that little soul, which had no anathemas for those ruthless enemies who had despoiled their thousands of happy homes; no sympathy for the children and the worn out who perished by the way, none for the brave struggling women, who, scant of clothing and poorly housed, if such there were; no word of praise for what had been done, or for what was attempted; none for the intrepid leader or his confreres, who were redeeming the desert and laying in tears of sanguine hope, the foundations of a royal state; nothing was there in the Tabernacle services, nothing in the theatre, nothing in the city, nothing in the people, nothing in any thing save "the brilliant sunshine and the everlasting hills." Verily Leslie Sandon can be numbered for ever among those who "have eyes but see not; ears, but they hear not, and hearts but they cannot understand."

The writer, born in England, along with many thousands like himself deprecate this continuous re-hash of antiquated matter, they have helped to make that country what it is, and now their sons are by hundreds doing missionary work in their fathers' well-loved native land; these are sufferers by this misrepresentation, it places a barrier in the minds of their countrymen against their ministry and the truths they bring; and it belies the traditions we have cherished and taught in regard to the fairness of the English character and the English Press; prejudice long ere this, should have given way in the mother country before the representations of such men as Captain Burton, Hepworth Dixon, Phil Robinson, James W. Barclay and other eminent and intelligent Englishmen, who have gone beyond the Rocky mountains, witnessing in the valleys thereof the social purity, the sober habits, the industrial activity, the progressive spirit, and the indomitable exponents of faith in the re-revealed Gospel of Jesus Christ, as given in this dispensation by the Prophet Joseph Smith, and which is now being preached by the Elders "in all the world as a witness" ere the end shall come. N.

OUR HOMES.

"'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is not met with elsewhere."

I DID not comprehend the truth and beauty of the above lines until I found myself away from home and among strangers. Well do I remember the first night I slept beneath a strange roof. It was in a first-class hotel. I had every attention I desired; but I did not feel at home. I would rather have been at home, where my mother dwelt, even should my bed have been on the floor, and a stone my pillow.

A happy home is the loveliest spot on earth—it is heaven. Give me a home in which there dwells a loving wife, whose pride is in the order of her home, whose smiling face and welcome kiss at the close of my day's work make me forget how hard has been my toil; give me a prattling

babe and a group of rosy, healthy children, and I will make my heaven on earth.

A home should have love for its foundation; indeed without love it cannot be called home. Father, mother and children should be united as the Trinity. Discord should never be allowed to enter, for if he be entertained once, he is almost certain to call again.

Someone has said, "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window." I hope never to see this quotation in print again. Why? Because it is untrue; it is a libel on love. True love was never known to flee before poverty; true love will face every trial, even death itself.

Wealth does not make a happy home; it is love that makes a home; and love cannot be purchased with money. Love is the gift of God; it is a "charm from the skies which hallows" the inmates of a happy home. "What is home without a mother?" is a sentiment I have seen in a pretty frame hanging on many a cottage wall; and I have thought that a fit companion for it would be, "What is home without love?"

"Home's not merely roof and room:
It needs something to endear it.
Home is where the heart can bloom;
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it.

"What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet—and only sweet—
When there's one we love to meet us.

"Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded.

"Home! go watch the faithful dove,
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
Home is where there's one to love,
Home is where there's one to love us."

"Husbands, love your wives," is the advice of the apostles. This is the greatest reward a husband can give his wife. For it she will toil from early morning till close of day. And yet how many wives are robbed of their wages!

Some years ago I boarded with a family. The good wife was one of the best housekeepers I ever saw. She kept herself and her home as neat as wax, and her cooking was excellent. Yet never once during the seven months I boarded with the family did I hear the husband speak a word in praise of his wife's cooking, or her neat and attractive appearance. Occasionally I would drop a compliment, and the happy smile which gathered at the corners of the good woman's lips told me she felt amply repaid for her labor.

Some good wives are like good prophets—they are not appreciated while they are alive; but when they are dead their husbands begin to realize their worth and to garnish their sepulchres.—*M. in Juvenile Instructor.*

UTAH ITEMS.

Orangeville is to have a new creamery this season.

The late President Woodruff's "last will and testament" has been admitted to Probate.

Sheepmen in the southern part of the State report the sheep to be in excellent condition.

There has been discovered a 25 foot vein of anthracite coal near Tropic, about 30 miles from Panguitch.

The Chinese New Year's celebration began at 12 p.m. on the 8th of February, festivities were to continue for three days.

At the commencement of this year there were thirty-five Elders and five sisters from Zion laboring in Samoa, and thirty-nine Elders in New Zealand.

At last accounts one hundred and three ballots had been taken by the legislature for U. S. Senator, but without election, parties still resolute and result varying but little.

Leading citizens of Circleville are agitating the erection of a new school building, and if the proposition to issue bonds for that purpose is rejected, a building will be erected by private donations, so the success of the cause is assured.

Advices have been received in Salt Lake City, that President Joseph F. Smith and party reached Honolulu January 18. They are now at the church plantation at Laie. They were given a hearty greeting by the Mormon residents of the island.

The new schoolhouse in St. George now begins to show what an elegant, substantial structure it will be when completed. It will stand a monument to the enterprise of the people of St. George, as the branch normal school to-day shows the enterprise of the people of Cedar City.

The Richfield tabernacle is progressing nicely and more beautiful than ever. At least twenty men of all trades are working on it. The shingling has commenced. The galvanized iron work will be completed this week. The walls have been repaired and the front steps put in by our friend, Chas. Neilson.

Lately one of the most unique affairs ever had in American Fork, was held at Chipman's hall. It was a grand reunion of the Chipman family, at which there were over two hundred persons present, nearly all of whom were related to the Chipmans. Among the interesting features was an entertaining program.

Heavy snows and intense frosts have been experienced in the northern and central parts of Utah. Some of the higher valleys claim, that the glass registered over forty below zero. Railroads were blocked, and City street cars were unable to move for quite a time, and on the ranges stock were needing close attention.

Elders C. D. Fjeldsted, J. G. Kimball, and Jos. W. McMurrin, of the First Council of Seventies, have just visited Cache Valley and organized four new quorums: The 116th, with headquarters at Preston; the 117th, at Lewiston; the 118th, comprising the Seventies in Paradise and Avon; and the 119th, those residing in the 6th and 7th wards of Logan.

During the latest conflict between the natives of Manila and the American forces, the following Utah volunteers met death. Dr. Harry A. Young, Salt Lake City. John G. Young, Little Cottonwood. Wilhelm Goodman, Salt Lake City. Those reported wounded are: George B. Wardlaw, Ogden; Peter Anderson, Richfield; Isaac Russell, Salt Lake City.

A "News" exchange remarks: "They are stoning Mormon missionaries in England and breaking the windows of the missions. Tricks like that have cost China several thousand square miles of territory." Yes and "stoning" arguments only prepare the way for "Mormon" victories, costing the adversary many supporters, who become converts to the missions.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1899.

COURAGE OF CONVICTION.

Of all the noble traits of human character, none is more worthy of admiration than that courage by which a man is enabled to follow what conscience approves, independently of the smiles or frowns of a capricious world, and there is none other that has tended more to elevate mankind and to bring out in bold relief noted historic characters. It is this moral courage that has brought about all the reformatory changes in human history from the earliest times.

What could be grander than to see Martin Luther before the Diet of Worms making his defence and closing with these memorable words: "Here I stand, I can do no other; may God help me!" This intrepid stand gave inspiration to all the noted reformers of his day, as also to those that followed later, whose moral courage made the Reformation possible.

It was the exercise of this courage that wrung from the hand of despotism that palladium of human rights, the Magna Charta, and later brought about American independence. This was the leading trait in the character of Columbus and many other noted men whose efforts were derided until they were crowned with that success which made their names famous throughout the world; but the crowning climax of moral courage is found in the Savior of mankind when in Gethsemane He uttered this memorable prayer: "O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done."

The Apostles displayed this courage to a marked degree from the time they received the Holy Ghost on the Day of Pentecost, through all their ministrations, facing death unflinchingly, until they finally laid down their lives for the cause they advocated.

In modern times there is no better illustration of this courage of conviction than is displayed in the lives of that much-abused people called Latter-day Saints, whose history is replete with examples of sacrifice of all that is dear from a worldly standpoint, for the sake of fulfilling what they believe to be a God-given mission of redemption.

In the first place it requires courage of no mean order to accept the principles taught by this people, as it means, in a large majority of cases, the severing of ties that are the dearest and tenderest of all on earth; because as the Savior says, "For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter in law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his

own household." Hundreds to-day in the British Mission have proved this to be true by the ordeal of bitter experience, and, although the effect of the Gospel on their hearts is to intensify that love of kindred that is so common to humanity, they console themselves for their heart-rending sacrifice by the contemplation that they yet may be instruments in the hands of the Lord in extending salvation to those of their own households who now so bitterly oppose them.

The Latter-day Saints as a body are noted for possessing this indomitable courage to a marked degree, which may be accounted for by the fact that only those possessing it will dare to face the frowns and contempt of the world that is sure to follow obedience to the Gospel.

Many are converted to the truth but, owing to the lack of the necessary courage, shrink from accepting the ordinances of the Gospel and casting their lot with a proscribed and persecuted people.

It is this attribute, inspired by the Holy Spirit of promise, that has sustained the Saints through all the contumely and reproach that has been heaped upon them by those fanatics whose religious teachings will not bear inspection under the searchlight of the doctrines of Christ. No people, unpossessed of this, could have held firmly to their faith under the mobbings, drivings, assasinations, deprivations and hardships through which this people have passed, and, if not sustained by the Holy Spirit, which gave hope to their souls, they must have fainted by the way.

The principles of the Gospel are calculated in their very nature to cultivate this attribute in its adherents and to fit them to withstand all the fiery darts of the adversary.

The courage displayed by the Latter-day Saint Elders in leaving their comfortable homes, their wives and children, their farms, work-shops, or remunerative salaries, and in traveling at their own expense for two or three years in foreign lands, has no parallel in modern times, and is equalled only by the noble example of the Apostles of old.

Without this moral courage, cultivated and developed by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, no person will be able to overcome the worldly desires and appetites and resist the wiles and temptations of the enemy of all righteousness, and to pass through the purifying ordeals that are necessary to fit men for a place in the celestial kingdom of God.

Man is the offspring of Deity and exhibits the divine nature most when, under the guidance of the Spirit, he is engaged in subduing that selfishness which has been engrafted in his nature for generations by heritage and tradition, and is approaching that ideal expressed by the Savior in these words: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

A. W.

UTILIZING MEN.

THE organization of the Church of Jesus Christ is always recognised as an organization of workers, the success aimed at does not depend on the First Presidency and his Counsellors or the Twelve alone.

Every Stake of Zion while subject to the presiding authorities of the Church, is in a large degree independent within itself.

Every Ward is subject to the Stake authorities, but the Bishop remains the head of the ward; the Priesthood and all its auxiliaries are subject (when needed) to his dictation, yet as many things may transpire or be needed in these lesser helps, the specific counsel and direction of the Bishop is not always appealed to or required.

The Bishops in the Stakes do not run to the President thereof in regard to every detail of their Bishopric, any more than every President of a Stake refers all things to the Presidency of the Church.

There is a certain inherent power of self regulation and self sustenance in every department of active work in Zion, which determines all minor matters or things of local import or value, when for serious problems, questions or counsels, the court of appeal and the voice of recognised authority is always reachable and always prepared for exigency and decision in those matters of graver importance.

The necessities of Church organization require a large force of aids in every direction; no President can do all the duty or all the work, this is delegated, and as the higher is, so is the lower; no Bishop can do all that is needed in his ward, he is entitled to his Counsellors, they are the right and left hand which the head directs, and Priests, Teachers, and Deacons are the aids and executors of the Bishop's will, as he executes the will of the Stake President, who in turn executes the will and repeats the counsel of still higher authority.

Now while there is mutual dependence, coupled with self-sustaining power, official position is robbed of any mechanical service which ordinary human nature might be willing to suggest, it being realized that he who waits to be commanded "in all things is an unprofitable servant;" every man is a partaker of the Priesthood, each section has well defined duties, and he that is "faithful in a few things," according to the genius of the Gospel, is most likely to be "made ruler over many things." Men in exalted positions—men entitled to the discerning of spirits—men who have at heart the expansion, the stability, the Glory of the Church, are quick to perceive and ready to advance the earnest, self-sacrificing, humbler subordinate in the kingdom, according to the spirit which manifests its preference from time to time; devotion, patience, endowment, all of given or acquired talent finds in time its sphere of enlarged activity, and now, as ever, it is known that there is always room higher up.

Yet it may be that a good man is for the moment overlooked, duty and demands upon time and thought will perchance excuse, but no man in a position of influence can afford to neglect the element which surrounds him, and which is subject to his call or control, and perchance even waiting or panting for employ in the great latter-day work, to which he long ago consecrated his life, his all.

We remember a good brother being invited to take a mission, which he proudly and gratefully accepted; on the sabbath evening prior to his departure, the Bishop asked him if he would like to speak to the congregation, to which he responded, prefacing his remarks by saying that "he

had lived sixteen years in the ward, and that was the first time he had been called to that position"; to utilize the material which is controlled or controllable is the duty of rule everywhere, to have every man employed somehow, somewhere, gives him a greater personal interest in the grand whole, and often where duty seems an onerous task or load, a division of that would be a blessing to both leader and led.

It is unwise and impolitic for an official to ignore his flock and assume to do everything himself, for a man may enjoy more honours and attempt so much that his efforts will signally fail where assistance would have brought triumph and general satisfaction.

Every man in Israel may expect, as the Kingdom grows, to be in demand, and the graduate—the one who has been used, will find the advantage of experience wherever he may be called upon to act; it is upon this principle that boys are now called into the Priesthood that they may get practical knowledge of duty, privilege and blessing before they are called to act as Elders.

The foregoing remarks may seem to belong more particularly to Zion, but the application is right here in the missionary field; the President of the Mission cannot attend to all the minutiæ of the position he is called to fill, hence every Mission is districted into Conferences, every Conference President has his staff of Elders and he is not expected to do all the talking or all the work; his oversight is as determined by the Holy Ghost, and his eyesight will often do more than his counsel, hence Presidents have been advised to visit their districts and see for themselves conditions that cannot be explained by letter; Presidents of districts have their special duties in visiting the saints and "fishing" for outsiders in the troubled waters of religious life, the local Priesthood also are to be trained as "the relief corps" of the travelling Elders, and where authority is conferred it should be utilized through this training, and brought forward as rapidly as it becomes efficient; the Deacon should graduate into the Teacher, the Teacher into the Priest, and the Priest into the Elder, these positions should be made to carry influence and power through being exercised in duty as the office demands.

When officers of branches and Conferences are thus at work, there will be the spirit of life and animation, there will be as much desire for work as there is neccesity and opportunity; the missionary spirit will be extended where it is now limited, and the fire thereof will animate every member until activity will bring testimony, testimony will cast out fear, and the whole mission will be full of life, throbbing, bounding, joyous life.

It used to be a theory that the Church had a place for every man, and that every man would find his place; the former part of the sentence is true, the latter is true also, but as yet it is unfulfilled; there is too great a proportion of inactive spiritual and mental wealth-producing element of which we may ask "why stand ye here all the day idle," the answer may be "because no man hath hired us," and *hosts of* good men and women *need to be set to work*, for "the harvest is great and the laborers (as yet) are few."

The owner of a factory, the employer of men, the controller of the few

or the multitude; the one in authority, needs wisdom to devise and skill to execute that men may be made profitable, or in scriptural phraseology "that they may bring forth more fruit," why even gold is valueless unless the spirit of increase is forced upon it by continuous circulation and use.

N.

MRS. CLEMENTINE B. TUKE ANDREWS wishes to obtain information of her brother, Wm. Wilkerson Tuke, who emigrated from Yorkshire about 1860, aged now 68 years. Any one having information of him will confer a favor by writing to Mrs Andrews, care of Charles Wolfenden, 33 Thirkell Terrace, Spring Mill Street, Bradford, England.—*Deseret News please copy.*

THE Anchor Line Steamer *Furnessia* from Glasgow, with Saints and Elders on board, arrived at New York on February 9, 1899. All well.

BIBLE WORSHIP AND MODERN REVELATION.

To call into question long-established beliefs about sacred books (says "Peter Abelard" in the *Church Gazette*) is a perilous enterprise at any time, and never pleasant. The picture of the old cottager spinning at her cottage door has been often painted, and the Bible on her knee has been often pointed to as demonstrating the cruelty of those who would rob her of her pious faith, that there, at least, she is certain of infallible guidance from the very pen of God Himself. Yet an inexorable fate forces us on to say the thing which we believe to be true, and in the long run best even for the simple cottager of the future. A religion which has a dark chamber in the back of its brain, into which it dares not look, is doomed to perish under the scorn of men. No one whose opinion is entitled to any, even the smallest consideration believes nowadays in so preposterous an explanation of the origin of the Bible as that of verbal inspiration. It has been pretty well riddled by this time, and finds no followers except among the congregations of our little Bethels. Yet there are men, in other respects intelligent, who resent any criticism of the Bible as if it were an insult hurled against God. They consider that he is no friend, but an anarchist in disguise, who would put a match of reason under the magazine of Church canons and degrees. It is, indeed, easier to recognize this spirit than to deal with it. Prejudice is the one thing which is impervious to argument. . . . The enlightened Churchman who aims at putting religion on a more unassailable pedestal deserves not abuse, not suspicion, but guidance and sympathy.

IN THE HOLY LAND.

"ALL aboard for Jerusalem, Ramleh, Artouf and the tomb of Samson!"

The poet Lamartine, writing of the Holy Land in his "Meditations" sixty odd years ago, tells of buying an arsenal of pistols, sabers and other weapons to arm his company against the Greek pirates who infested the

archipelago sea and of divers other dangers which made the journey to Jerusalem full of danger and excitement.

Nowadays an uneventful sail on one of the Messagerie's steamers brings one to Alexandria. Another stop occurs at Port Said, just long enough to take a cocktail served solemnly by a barkeeper in a white cravat, his establishment being in a six story building of iron framework, with nothing in the least oriental about it. Then the next morning your boat is bobbing up and down in sight of Jaffa. The deck swarms with priests and ecclesiastical travelers, representing all the countries and religions in the civilized world, and some that are not civilized, which puts the sailors in a bad humor, as they believe that priests on board bring bad luck.

Close by the sea at a short distance from the city a railway station stands, a little one, it is true, but genuine.

It is a strange experience indeed riding to Jerusalem behind a puffing and whistling locomotive.

After having passed through fragrant gardens the line opens into a plain famous in Bible history as the garden of Palestine. This was the land of Canaan, the country of the Philistines spreading away under our eyes in the clear oriental atmosphere, bounded in the distance by the vague blue lines of the mountains of Judæa.

The train rushes onward, and now the distant points of the mountains of Judæa grow plainer. On the right in the distance a white point marks the tomb of Samson, and a little further on a second white point, to the left this time, is said to show the place where he was born. Finally one reaches Jerusalem, and in spite of dreams and spiritual exaltation it is impossible to deny that the first effect is disappointing. One passes into the Holy City through streets and avenues which resemble nothing so much as the unattractive thoroughfares which run out of Paris from the St. Ouen quarter. There is nothing in the least oriental about them. Instead of Zion and Golgotha, one sees only red roofs and long new buildings with monotonous lines of windows, which look like hospitals and orphan asylums.

Passing outside the walls of Jerusalem one traverses the valley of Gehenna, sees Job's well with its white cupola and then finds himself advancing up the slopes of Mount Zion, which stands to the left. Continuing along the road one passes a Jewish city which was commenced by Sir Moses Montefiore with the idea that it would be inhabited by poor people of the Hebrew faith, and of late years crowds of this persecuted race have been coming to the land of their ancestors and to this particular city from all parts of the world.

Arrived at Bethlehem one naturally hastens to see the scenes of the Nativity, full of expectation and yet ready to be disappointed. The Mount of Olives, Golgotha, the sacred sepulchre, all were in my eyes spoiled for the want of that exquisite simplicity which had filled my childish visions. Everywhere the ardor of the faithful has shown itself in upsetting and improving things in a deplorable manner.

Passing through the narrow and crooked street which cuts Bethlehem into two parts, one finally reaches the extremity of the burg and finds

himself in an oblong square, which in its turn opens into an esplanade paved with stone, here and there showing openings into cisterns which served for baptisms and for ablutions among former generations of Christians. In those days it was the usage to wash before entering the sanctuary.

A curious scene is here on the very border of the place of the Nativity. On one side a burial ground with white tombs, on two other sides rows of bare, high walls, like a fortress or a prison. Here and there windows pierce the walls, but no doors. One looks about him mystified, but finally discovers a black hole in and out of which people are passing almost on all fours, so low is it. This is the chief entry to the sanctuary of the Nativity. Having passed through this hole, one finds himself in a large hall divided by four colonnades and surmounted by a roof flanked by heavy beams. People stand about talking and smoking, children play, Turkish soldiers sew up their uniforms, women give suck to their infants, fakirs offer oranges, beads and candies for sale, while Greek and Franciscan monks hurry about as if on business of pressing importance. Formerly, I am told, the Arabs used to stable their sheep here.

But this is not the stable where Jesus was born, and one is some time in discovering it. On the left two Turkish soldiers with rifles are stretched lazily on a bench. One is asleep, the other yawns. In front of them a circular stairway goes down to a door which seems to indicate a crypt. The door passed, one continues the descent by a narrow staircase until he comes to two other Turkish soldiers, this time standing up, with guns on the floor, and on the left lighted by hanging lamps, is the following inscription: "Hic de Virgine Maria, Jesus Christus, Natus Est" (here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary). We are in the stable.

This discovery is much of a surprise, and one's first movement is for protestation, for the simple reason that nothing at all like a stable is apparent. We are in a grotto. To this objection the reply is made that in olden times it was the custom in Palestine to use grottos for stables.

At night the Christmas service in Bethlehem begins at 10 o'clock with a pontifical mass celebrated at the Franciscan church near the basilica. The richest vestments are worn for this office, these having been presented in the name of the French republic by Marechal MacMahon. This first ceremony is concluded about midnight, and then a long procession with candles in hand moves toward the grotto of the Nativity. First comes the cross bearer, followed by Franciscan monks and members of other religious bodies. The patriarch comes last, and directly behind him, at the head of the laymen, walks the French consul with his attendants.

Only those who precede the patriarch carry candles, but that dignitary bears in his hand with infinite precaution a beautiful little child in wax, which with sweet smile seems almost on the point of crying out. The divine child rests in a manager on silken cushions, rose colored and embroidered with gold. At its feet are cloths of fine lace, and under the cushion stands a straw bed, whose projecting thorns call to mind the memory of Christ's sufferings.

The cortege, having traversed the transept of the basilica and descended

into the grotto of the patriarch, stops in front of the spot where the child Jesus was born. The patriarch places the manger and child in the hands of one of his followers and begins to chant the story of the Nativity as told by St. Luke. Then the prelate takes the child again and, placing it upon a silver star, continues the service with modifications of the sacred text appropriate to the occasion and the special surroundings. As the prelate says the words which tell how the Holy Mother brought into the world her firstborn Son, he takes the child again, wraps it in fine laces and chants:

"And here they wrapped it in clothes."

Then he walks to the marble manger and places in it the image of the newborn child, at the same time chanting the words:

"And here they laid it in a manger because there was no place for them at the inn."

This service often lasts until 2 o'clock in the morning and is finished by a "Te Deum" and "God Save the Republic." All Bethlehem watches this night, and the people—men, women and children—remain until day breaks, with lighted candles in their hands, in the neighborhood of the basilica. Everywhere one hears cries of joy and breathes the fragrance of incense. The festivities become more and more animated as the hours wear away, and it would be difficult to estimate the quantity of candies and hard boiled eggs which are devoured by the participants during the night.—*New York Herald.*

ALCOHOL AND TEMPERANCE.

I can abstain, but I cannot be moderate.—JOHNSON.

Intemperance is the voluntary extinction of reason.—CHANNING.

I consider the temperance cause the foundation of all social and political reform.—COBDEN.

I dare not drink for my own sake; I ought not to drink for my neighbor's sake.—CUYLER.

Let no man wait for public temperance sentiment—let every man make such sentiment.—NOBLE.

Temperance puts wood on the fire, meal in the barrel, flour in the tub, clothes on the back, and vigor in the body.—FRANKLIN.

O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! That we should, with joy, pleasure and applause, transform ourselves into beasts! To be now a sensible man, by-and-by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.—SHAKESPEARE.

Intemperance wipes out God's image and stamps it with the counterfeit die of the devil; intemperance smites a healthy body with disease from head to heel, and makes it more loathsome than the leprosy of Naaman or the sores of Lazarus; intemperance dethrones man's reason, and hides her bright beams in the mystic clouds that roll round the shattered temple of the human soul, curtained by midnight.—GOUGH.